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An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Except, possibly, among the gentlemen whose silences may be abolished, there seems to be a general agreement that the state has more inspectors of one kind and another than it needs.

Any old kind of a soup kitchen conveys its distressing suggestion. But what of the one that Miss Belmont has opened in New York city to give a little sustenance to unemployed women and girls.

There is only one distressing possibility in connection with the fact that the bumper crops in Kansas have materially stimulated the activities of Cupid. The future business of the divorce courts is also likely to be increased thereby.

These reports of the Frenchmen fighting with their fists because their guns are so frozen that they cannot be used do not sound very well. In the many art of self defense, the French use their feet, not their hands. La savate, they call it.

After warring for five months, each of the European belligerents is just as far from any particular goal as it was when the war began. One or two of them are even further away. For at one time the Germans were within striking distance of Paris.

Neither is this a very comforting thought to carry into the new year. Dr. Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, insists it's a question whether the human race as a whole has greatly improved since the stone age.

England's most expensive and useless investments appear to be her tremendous battleships. During the five long months of the war they have done nothing for her, and another of them has just gone to a watery grave without having anything like a fighting show for its life.

Instead of the cathedral chiming ringing in the New Year in Europe, cannons and guns belched out their death roar. It was a case this time in Europe of shooting the old year out and shooting the new year in. Will they be doing the same when 1916 swings into its stride?

It would appear that the Kansas corporation tax law is one efficient agency for squeezing the water out of capital stock. At any rate, a number of corporations have notified the state authorities that reductions have been made in their capitalizations, and at a time when the payment of this tax is due.

One variety of a trial marriage system appears to be much more popular in Shawnee county than it should be. The court records show that against the 850 marriage licenses issued here during 1914 no less than 250 petitions for divorce were filed. Of course, all these divorces are far from being confined to the couples who were married during the year. But the showing and comparison can scarcely be called a respectable one; nor one that is likely to arouse any considerable enthusiasm among those who are interested in the wellbeing and righteous progress of society.

In collecting \$420,930 during a year for the state, and at an expense of only \$12,000, the state insurance department makes a rather remarkable financial showing, but the fact also probably is that the insurance companies in turn collected this money in devious and divers ways from their policyholders in addition to the premiums that they might be able to do business on were they not levied against so heavily by the insurance departments of Kansas and other states where they do business. In the final essential the ultimate consumer in all matters is the one who pays the freight. On the other hand, if Kansas did not raise a near half-million dollars through its insurance department, it would have to raise it by direct taxes or in some other way that would indirectly fall on the common herd. So it is as long or as short for the latter in one way as in another.

UNITED STATES NOT BEHIND.

The total foreign trade of the twenty Latin American republics for the year 1913 was \$2,864,876,224. Of this amount \$1,325,752,627 represented imports and \$1,539,123,597 exports. The figures above are compiled by the Pan-American Union from original reports from the several countries. For Panama the figures are partly estimated, being founded upon incomplete returns, and for Nicaragua and Ecuador they are for the year 1912. In all other cases the period covered is the calendar year 1913.

How is this trade distributed among the principal commercial nations of the world, and in particular, what share has the United States therein? It comes sometimes as a surprise to Americans when they are told that the United States enjoys a larger proportion of the foreign trade of the Latin American republics than any other country in the world. In 1913 the share of the United States was more than three times that of France, nearly double that of Germany, and 25 per cent greater than that of the United Kingdom: United States, \$303,465,845; United Kingdom, \$64,586,386; Germany, \$407,132,374; France, \$238,813,453.

Until 1913 the lead of the United States in the foreign trade of Latin America was due to the share of Latin American exports, but the United Kingdom has heretofore led in the volume of Latin American imports. In 1913, for the first time, the United States took the lead in imports, the value of its shipments to the twenty countries being \$325,827,345, as against the United Kingdom, \$322,228,073, Germany, \$217,976,202, and France, \$110,484,385. Notwithstanding the efforts put forward by the British manufacturers in 1914, and particularly since the beginning of the war, to maintain their position in the Latin American import trade and to capture a large share of the German trade, it can be predicted with reasonable confidence that the lead in this trade acquired first by the United States in 1913 will not be lost in 1914.

In the field of Latin American exports the United States in 1913 took goods to the value of \$477,625,500. The United Kingdom, \$321,358,313, Germany, \$189,156,172, France, \$128,329,068, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay, ten countries in all, the imports from the United States exceeded the exports thereto. In the remaining ten countries, Mexico, Salvador, Costa Rica, Cuba, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Venezuela, the exports to the United States exceeded the imports therefrom. In Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti, the imports from the United States represented more than one-half of all the imports into the countries. In Mexico the imports from the United States amounted to nearly one-half—49.7 per cent of the whole. The ten countries last named, taken together, took from the United States 52.6 per cent of their total imports, from the United Kingdom 12.8 per cent, from Germany, 10.0 per cent, from France, 7.3 per cent.

The same countries exported to the United States 71.3 per cent of their total foreign exports, to the United Kingdom, 11.1 per cent, to Germany, 7.9 per cent, and to France, 3.6 per cent. In only two of the ten countries named did the United States fail to rank first in both imports and exports; in Guatemala, the exports to Germany represented 52.9 per cent of the total, to the United States, 27.2 per cent, and in Haiti the exports to both France and Germany exceeded those to the United States. In Honduras the proportion of exports to the United States was 89.9 per cent of the whole, in Panama, 86.3 per cent, and in Cuba, 79.9 per cent.

In the ten republics of South America the position of the United States was by no means so advantageous. Of the total for these countries the United States supplied 16.25 per cent of the imports, the United Kingdom, 27.73 per cent, Germany, 18.35 per cent, and France 8.68 per cent. The United States took of their exports 17.65 per cent, the United Kingdom, 24.09 per cent, Germany 13.73 per cent, and France 9.87 per cent.

It can easily be seen, therefore, that the position of the United States as the leading country in Latin American trade is due to its commanding position in the ten nearby republics, and that in South America it is far behind the United Kingdom in both imports and exports, and behind Germany in the imports. But even in South America the trade of the United States is unevenly distributed as compared with the trade of the European countries. It leads in the imports of Venezuela, 35.5 per cent of the total, as compared to the United Kingdom 23.8 per cent. It leads also in Colombia, 26.7 per cent, to United Kingdom 20.4 per cent, and in Peru, 28.8 per cent, to United Kingdom 26.2 per cent. On the contrary, in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay, the United States falls below the United Kingdom and Germany; in Paraguay it is below France as well; in Ecuador, it is second to the United Kingdom.

AS RUSSIA MARCHES ON.

The progress of Russia has been tremendous in the last decade, writes Prof. William E. Lingelbach, in the Popular Science Monthly. The years since the Japanese war have seen the adoption of a constitutional regime, the rapid spread of industrialism, the greatest agrarian reforms since emancipation, and a remarkably intelligent study and handling of the problems of primary education, agriculture and temperance. Along with this has come a clear appreciation of the richness of her resources. "In the markets of the world there exists today a famine in meat, lumber and wheat-stuffs," say the Russian economists, and Russia has, or can develop, all three to an indefinite amount. Russia has a geographic basis for a great nation such as is possessed by no other

people unless it be our own. It is wanting however in one important respect, it lacks an adequate coast line. Russia's sea coast is too small for so large a state and she is bound to demand more. Indeed that is what she has been doing for centuries, her coastward movement has been in progress for at least four hundred years and we are witnesses today of another gigantic step in this direction. The Germans block the way, and ultimately, combined with them, the Swedes and Danes. That Russia with her population of 175 millions, increasing at the rate of nearly three millions a year, and with resources so vast and undeveloped that they can only be roughly estimated, will be kept permanently bottled up is not likely. Her coastward advance, however, will follow lines of least resistance and the conquest of an outlet by way of Constantinople to the world's trade is as inevitable as is its geographic reasonableness. Towards the Persian Gulf the way is also open and inviting. In deed everywhere in Asia she has the unique advantage of internal lines of development and therefore also of attack. Geographically the serious menace to British world supremacy does not lie in Germany but in Russia.

Incidentally, suffrage has brought other funny things into our more or less funny state, and it is suspected that the paragraphs of our more or less funny nation will find other, and equally good reading matter in our county weeklies.

In ye days of old, each newly elected member of the Kansas legislature came with a carpet sack full of mud and bags for the railroad. But now, the legislators are different now. The merry-merry populace has no desire to walk from hither to yon, and views with alarm any effort to move the railroads off the map. The politicians have worked the anti-railroad lead to the end of the tunnel, and are in a stratum of non-paying sand that is liable to cave.

Polk Daniels, ye old Tom Thompson, veteran editor of the Howard Courant, bunched a portion of his "Potpourri" between covers and sent it to friends as a Christmas remembrance. The edition was limited, as Hon. Polk made his list before making the book. It isn't for sale and there are no copies left to give away. But half a century from now, certain grandchildren will find copies of Polk Daniels' "Potpourri" wrapped in heavy paper and planted in the bottom of certain desks, together with other relics. And if they read it, they will get an idea that may not be conveyed by the histories of the good will, sound sense and other qualities of the "old time" country editor.

"Peace" is Hon. Polk's middle name: the hammer has no place in his coat of arms. His paragraphs exude the quietude of the jumping nerves, and cool hot tempers. In reading his

Journal Entries

Not much energy and intelligence is required to manufacture a complaint.
Nor can you convince the lucky man of his luck. He thinks it's his judgment.

There would be many more gamblers if the chances of losing were not so great.

The truth may be more desirable than a lie but it isn't always so convenient.

A real automobile enthusiast is one who goes riding for pleasure during cold weather.

Jayhawker Jots

As the Jewell County Monitor says: There are so many unnecessary steps taken and so many unnecessary words spoken.

Don't expect an editor to know all about everything, urges the Inman Review. He has to guard against being misinformed more than any other man on earth.

Paying his compliments to gossipers, the Potter Kansas says that "any hog can root up the fairest flowers." Virtue is its own reward, adds the Minneapolis Better Way, but it adds, people are poor for other reasons.

If we were a sailor in the German navy we wouldn't care to be decorated with an iron cross, meditates the Kansas Outlook. When a ship goes down the men have trouble enough without trying to float around under a pile of scrap iron.

It is generally conceded, says the Sabbath Herald that Toby Strahn is the best story teller in town. When they had only walking implements for the fields, Toby says he often was in doubt whether his legs would last. With nothing but riding implements, it keeps him guessing whether his pants will hold out.

Some 22 Shorts, by T. L. A. in the Maryville Advocate-Democrat: Betting gives value to nothing. Work has impulse than no pulse. Sharpen your tools but not your tongues. . . . If we are wrong, defeat is better than victory. . . . Excuses give value to nothing.

Some fellows make bad debts in order to have a good time. The stinger a man is the more sure his wealth causes him.

One of the stories in the Funny Column in the Mankato High School Record: Walter was spending the summer in the country and one afternoon accompanied his father to watch the cows being milked. "Father, where do the cows get the milk?" he inquired, looking up from the foaming pail which he had been regarding thoughtfully. "Where do you get your tears?" asked his father. And other thoughtful pause he questioned. "Do the cows have to be spanked, then?"

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

The man who really wins in a lawsuit is the lawyer.
Ab Adkins says his favorite cereal is bacon and eggs.
On the demand, politicians laugh a great deal about edginess.
A critic should not have indigestion; a critic should try to be fair.
It is generally believed that a claim agent who gives a good deal of his time to making promises and the other half explaining why they failed to keep them.
If you really have something to say, people won't kick if you split an infinitive occasionally in saying it.
If a man doesn't do very well, the neighbors have a good deal to say about how extravagant his wife is.

By The Way

BY HARVEY PARSONS.

Kansas—first in roof, first in freaks and first in the eye of the funny man, has this new one to offer.
Notice—As my husband, L. C. Dale, has left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any accounts contracted by him, nor pay any debts which he may contract, nor be responsible for any instruments which he may sign.—S. Carrie Dale.
—Wellsville (Kan.) Globe.

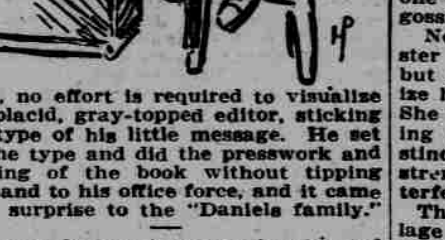
The above was first discovered by a Chicago paragrapher, as the Wellsville Globe is not well known as a Kansas county weekly. But the Chicago source is good enough as an authority for reprint.

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book, no effort is required to visualize the placid, gray-topped editor, sticking the type of his little message. He set as the type and did the prework of binding of the book without tipping his hand to his office force, and it came as a surprise to the "Daniels family."

A state factory inspector has located a number of girls who work 10 hours per day for \$5 per week. Needless to say, they were unmarried. Married women work 15 hours per day for 30 per cent less than nothing.

It has been suggested that the Indiana authorities build a wall around Terre Haute and save the trouble of sorting out the village malefactors.

Nay, Josephine, our exchange editor does not exchange Christmas presents. Take your own pickled jammers to a jeweler and have them made into coin openers.

Let us be thankful that we live in the geographical center of the nation. Mexicans shoot 'em down by the southwest border, and Cannock cops shoot 'em on the Niagara river, but they will have to cross the boundary to reach us with any gun now in use.

Infant prodigies are merely infants with highly imaginative parents.

When a woman gets to the point where she can refrain from talking in a card game, it is time for her to swear off cake to some more natural form of sport.

A lot of "swearing off" was done yesterday, and a major portion of it was by the women who spend half their time in making promises and the other half explaining why they failed to keep them.

FLAY YOUR FLAY.

This world is but a joke, my son. I've often told you so; For most of folks spend half their time A weeping as they go.

They seem to think long faces are The key to Heaven's gate. And carry with them on their way Their troubles small and great.

So play your play and smile my son; Be cheerful and clean; no end. Let others weep and wail, and cry And bid to make men glad.

This world is but the play-ground, son Of that great school above. Where God will teach us how to live And show us how to love.

—VICTOR HUGO. HARRARD. Phillipsburg, Kan.

The Evening Story

Julia's Jealousy.
(By Jerome Sprague.)

The engagement of Julia Ward and Philip Hargrave came as more or less of a surprise to village society. Some seemed strange that Julia, with her most apparent pettiness of character, should have appealed to Hargrave. Yet appeal to him she most certainly had; otherwise why should he have asked her to become his wife?

The spiteful feminine element in the village predicted an early shattering of Hargrave's illusion regarding Julia. The masculine point of view was varied, some considering him lucky in getting a wife, others a constant victim of a suspicious, jealous wife. He, however, was totally oblivious of public speculation regarding his love affair and accepted the good the gods allowed him with thorough enjoyment. Hargrave was a man of clean, wholesome mind and possessed a strong hatred for petty gossip or anything bordering on tale-carrying about his neighbors.

But the village gossips, ever ready to find bones of scandal in the setting out of the dinner table, the sight of Mary Lee, and waited impatiently for the boiling over of Julia's caldron of jealousy. The spiteful element realized that Julia was not broad enough to see the situation as it really was, and even disinterested society saw trouble brewing for Hargrave.

Unconcerned was Hargrave about public speculation that he went where he chose, always taking Mary Lee along with him and caring not one whit as to village conjecture or gossip.

Not so with Julia. The green monster of jealousy was rampant, but she disliked to let Hargrave realize her feelings so early in the game. She wanted to be the wife of the rising young lawyer, and she felt inferior to him. She would object most strenuously to having his liberty interfered with.

The arrival of a palmist in the village suggested a rather tactful manner of checking the subject of Mary Lee to Hargrave.

For this purpose of trapping him into an expression of emotion of some kind regarding Mary Lee, Julia concocted a story as having come from the palmist. In the evening of the day she spent with Julia since the arrival of the other girl, Hargrave would have greeted his fiancée with the usual lover's kiss, but she drew back. "There was a smile on her lips, but a peculiar light in her eyes."

"No, you can't kiss me until I tell you what the palmist told me today," she said. "She says you are not faithful to me."

"I don't fancy being put on the judgment seat because of some silly palmist's ruling," Hargrave said briefly. "If you will not kiss me now you need trouble to after you have told me what you have heard."

Julia flushed and her small head went up. She might have known enough not to tamper with Hargrave's affairs for the time being, but she struck blindly at him, knowing this was no doubt the end of her engagement.

"The palmist told me that you were constantly with another girl—a girl with dark hair, who was seeking to win you away from me."

"Why didn't you tell me frankly that you are jealous of my sister's guest?" Hargrave suggested calmly. "I told you before she came that I would be taking her about and showing her a good time. If you cannot realize that as a doing this for my sister and her real it is only temporary absence from you—I am sorry."

Kansas Comment

She stood for a second trying swiftly to hide the trace of tears. Hargrave gazed blankly at the girl. "Have you come to have your palm read?" he asked.

"Hardly," Hargrave said with a short laugh, then asked quickly, "But what is the matter here and why have you been crying? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," the girl said in a hopeless voice. "I just thought I could earn my living reading palms, but there hasn't been a single palm in this room since I opened it and I have no other means of earning a living." The girl was as frank as Hargrave himself, and he found himself drawn to her by some subtle emotion that for the time being he was only startled at.

He knew, too, that Julia's story had been a fabrication, but he was proud to trap him, and he again thanked the girl for having given him an insight into her true character.

"When I was in college," the girl continued because Hargrave was silent, "every one wanted her palm read; now—because I have to read them—no one wants to know the future." She smiled through her tears, and Hargrave gasped at the witchery in that smile.

"I know my future and here," he told himself with inward joy, "but I suppose it will be some time before I can decently tell her so." He looked long and earnestly at the girl, as if trying to make her realize the sudden emotion that had come over him, but all he said was: "I have a desk in my office, but no girl to sit at it and take down addresses and answer the telephone—I wonder."

"You must have to wonder long," the girl smiled softly back at him. "I know you are doing this to help me and I am very much in need of help. Perhaps in a short time I can find something to do and your office chair will serve me for some time. I can really serve you." She looked again into Hargrave's eyes, but found it difficult to meet the expression there.

"Yes, yes," he told her with a soft laugh, "we certainly will find something else for you soon." And if there was the picture of a tiny cottage on willow lane before Hargrave's eyes he did not tell the girl about it—just then. Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

News Circulated by Windmills. In some parts of Holland they have a curious way of signaling items of news by manipulating the sails of the numerous windmills that dot the landscape. For instance, the sails "reefed" and set dead square, in the local code, indicates that a baby boy has been born in the miller's family. It is curious to note that the Germans in Eastern Prussia have the same means of signaling information in the windmills of the district. From the January Wide World.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]
Many a girl is up to date in everything except her birthdays.

The fellow who has money to burn collects no insurance on it.

It's the fellow with bad habits who usually believes in hereditary influences.

A good example in the hall is worth a pound of preaching in the bush.

Don't give way to despair. Many a fellow falls in love who gets on his feet again.

The mining expert, as well as the fellow who rows on a college crew, is an ocean.

You never can tell. Many a man who boasts of his foresight is stabbed in the back.

"It's well that ends well" is a comforting motto, but it is just as well to begin right.

You can't very well blame even the steepest walker for complaining when things are slack.

It's easy enough to love your neighbors as you love yourself, provided they mind their own business.

Nail—"I hate to make calls." Belle—"So do I. You never know when you are going to find people at home."

A NATIONAL ISSUE.

The important feature of the vote on the national prohibition amendment was that a majority of the lower house of congress voted in favor of the measure. A few years ago prohibition was generally considered a "cranky" development in a few states. Now it receives the support of a majority of the congressmen of the nation. It is no longer an experiment or a fad but an established and accepted economic theory which has a major part of the country cornered.

The same amount of progress the next few years as in the last will secure the required two-thirds vote in both houses and then the question will be up to the states for ratification. Who that looks with a calm judgment on the course of events but will see that prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors will be nation-wide in a remarkably short time. It is now not only fundamentally right to the prohibitionists, but it is a style. The vote in congress took the question out of the local field and made it one of the great issues that will soon be decided. There is only one way for the final result to come. Prohibition is as sure as human action can be sure. The only doubt is as to the time to which it can be delayed.—Hutchinson News.

A Queer Lover. "I know of a young man who thinks a great deal of the girl he is keeping company with," writes a letter friend, "but a good many times in front of other people he acts as if he didn't care about her and she didn't amount to much anyway. She does not want him silly in front of the people, but she is so courteous to her. Isn't it right that he should be?"

Right that he should be, little girl, of course it is. A thousand times right. When a good man loves a good woman he has no reason to be ashamed of the fact. On the contrary he should be proud to let the world know it by his attitude towards her. And by that, I mean by his courtesy and his defence, and his manner of restrained tenderness, not by public caresses.

Public Caresses in Bad Taste. As you say, they are silly. They are in bad taste. The well-bred girl does not care for her fiancé in public; the well-bred girl is not forever hovering over her fiancé, or showing her ownership by picking a thread from straightening his tie. Perhaps the young man of the letter intensely dislikes this sort of thing and tries to show his taste by flying off on the opposite tangent, by affecting coldness and indifference in the presence of others.

He needs to learn that this extreme is in quite as bad taste as the other, besides being the height of unkindness to her who he is loving.

Man's Love is a Woman's Crown. Man's love is woman's crown. Every woman who receives a man's love is a queen for a day. To take from her the privilege of wearing her crown before the eyes of other men and women is to take away one of the most precious prerogatives of her queenship and shame her before her sister royalty.

Of course there are women who flaunt their crowns and wield their scepters with an emphasis that alienates their subjects. No man likes to be crowned above in public, no matter how willingly he may bend his head to the flowery yoke in private. It is not to be wondered at, then, if he is revolt in such ill ruled kingdoms, but I do not think the girl of whom my letter friend speaks is doing such a mistake.

I suspect from the tone of the letter that she has to deal with a selfishly thoughtless man who does not realize of how much happiness he is depriving her, or how much humiliation he is causing her in withholding the public deference which is her due.

One Kind of Code. Perhaps he is one of those men who cannot bear to make his relations with other women public, by showing himself too utterly devoted to one.

Let us hope for her sake that he is not. For when that tendency shows itself in a lover, it is a bad omen rather than weaker in a husband.

Binks—"Why, where's the breakfast?" Mrs. Binks—"Hush, dear, the cook ate it." Binks—"What! Ate it all?" Mrs. Binks—"Yes, she ate it all." Mrs. Binks—"I think cook is just the sort of person who would go 'round and say we starved out help."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT

BY MRS. FAWCER.

MRS. TABBY GREY.

Mrs. Tabby Grey had three kittens—Black, White and Yellow. They were not very big, but they were very clever-looking little cats, every morning. "You are three as handsome kittens as any mother could wish for," said giving one more touch to Black's white vest.

"Now sit in the sun, my children, and get nice and warm," she said, "but mind you do not stay long, Yellow, for your coat is a little faded and I am afraid it might fade."

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"Now sit in the sun, my children, and get nice and warm," she said, "but mind you do not stay long, Yellow, for your coat is a little faded and I am afraid it might fade."

Just then came Mrs. Tiger Tabby, who lived just down the lane with her four little kittens. "Good morning, Mrs. Tabby," she said. "I am going to a barn where are lots of mice. Don't you want to come with me? I am sure my little ones to be good mousters."

Black, White and Yellow lifted their heads a little, their noses went into the air and they looked at Mrs. Tiger Tabby and her kittens with disdain.



YOU CAN BRING MY MICE HERE WHEN YOU WANT.

"Don't you think you are making a mistake, my dear, bringing up your children not to be able to catch mice or get their own food? Even if it is not necessary for you to eat mice, it is necessary for them to eat. You are a mother, and after them, or your mistress might move, and not take you and your family with her. But Mrs. Tabby Grey did not listen to her neighbor's advice, and her children were made idle in clean every day and sat in the sun doing while Mrs. Tabby looked after them.

Now, the very thing that Mrs. Tiger Tabby said, Mrs. Tabby Grey and her children found themselves all alone in the back yard, and they were very lonely.

"Meow, meow," cried Black and White and Yellow. "We want our breakfast; we are hungry."

"Don't cry, my dears," replied their mother, with a heavy heart. "I will hunt a mouse spide for you."

"We do not want your mouse," meow-ed the kittens; "we want milk."

"I do not know where we can get milk this morning